

serve it here. Twelve miles east of Westminster is the Country of the Delta, quite a large farming district. Fruit is the staple. In fact, British Columbia may soon vie with Ontario for the North-West fruit supply.

Vancouver with a population of 20,000, is connected with Westminster by an electric railway. It has one of the finest docks in the World. In 1886 it was a dense forest. It has a steamship service to Japan, China, Victoria, etc. Across the Straits of Georgia is Nanaimo, the great coal depository, with its bed of iron, too, 18 miles long by 4 wide.

In Victoria we find a climate resembling that of the South of England. All through in fact, it is an Old Country city. It presents some interesting features in its Chinese quarters, Beacon Hill Park, Government buildings, etc.

But we must close with but a very brief survey of British Columbia. It is a pleasant country to live in. It has its rains without its thunderstorms, its winter without its snow. Spring opens in February often. The strawberries are ripe in the hotbeds by the 24th of May. Living is high, to the extent of \$30. a month. A number club together, rent a small house and engage a *Cook*, thus lessening the expenditure. But if living is high, wages are correspondingly high. The country is settled by very industrious people. The British Col-

umbian is good hearted, rough, frank. He would just as soon strike a man as not. If he asks the clergyman to call on him he means it, and is not disappointed if he is visited on one of his busy days. At least if he is disappointed, he says so. He is different from that good woman, whom I knew once, who was continually urging the minister to call on her. When he called, "There," she said, "is that miserable character coming to disturb me in my work. I wonder why he can't stay away and let me do my work." But a very different greeting met the preacher. "O, come in," how glad I am to see you, you will certainly stay all day. How seldom you come around" No, the British Columbian is worth 10,000 of such.

There are a few so called agnostics there. But really they are as ignorant of the word's meaning as the Darky who was explaining the sermon he heard. "You've been to church Sambo," "Yes" "What war the text?" "It war a miracle," "What war the miracle?" "It war where 500 people war fed with 5,000 loaves and fishes"—"Where war de miracle?" "O, de miracle war dat dey didn't all bust."

One meets some curious individuals in this western land. I remember one kind old gentleman. He was fond of drink and seldom sober. But he was a kind hearted man. On one occasion the preacher called on him. This was